



ON THE

DEATH

Of the Late

Lieutenant General

TALMACH,

A

POEM.

Humbly *Dedicated* to her GRACE the

Dutchess of Lauderdale,

By *E. Ward*, Gent.

Licensed according to Order.

L O N D O N,

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On the Death of the late Lieutenant General *TALMACH*.

AS sturdy Oak its Tow'ring branches shoot,
Nourish'd by sap drawn from a noble Root,
May, for a time, (by its defensive Arms)
Survive the Dangers of destructive Storms;
Till some chance Thunder, from a Cloud, shall wound
Th' aspiring Plant, and rend it to the ground:
Thus shatter'd, mourn'd it lyes, with Earth laid even,
Whose lofty Boughs once play'd 'twixt us and Heaven.

So fell brave *Talmach*, from a *Stock* deriv'd,
Ancient as *Laws*, within whose bounds he liv'd:
His *Ancestors* in FAME's Records took place,
Crown'd with high Honours 'mong the *Norman* Race;
Whose Aid (in that old memorable War)
Taught their great PRINCE to be a Conqueror;
And rais'd him to a Pyramid of *Fame*,
By brave *Attempts* they truly Great became,
Bentley in Suffolk. *Talmach* then their Name.

Thus did their Line in streams of *Brav'ry* run,
Ending in *Glory*, as their *Race* begun,
Great their fore-Fathers, great their Warlike Son;
Whose bold undaunted Soul was ever free
To face all *Dangers*, and dare *Destiny*:
Thro' clouds of Smoak, where sulph'rous Flames arose
Lighting the Vanquish'd to their last Repose:
Through storms of flying *Deaths*; he boldly past,
Scorning the Balls from Wars loud Engines cast;
But still press'd on, till he had bravely shown,
What by a Gallant *Hero* might be done,
And in each *Action* (hasty to be great)
Show'd Resolution to be Fortunate.

When *England* (careless doting on her Ease,
Wrap'd up in *Riches*, *Luxurie*, and *Peace*)
Grew negligent and wanton, void of care,
Proving an Enemy to none but War;
Which *France* observ'd, grew Insolent and Proud,
Rais'd up her head, (who long to us had bow'd)
Casting on *Europe* a devouring eye;
Whilst blinded *Albion* stood regardless by,
Till watchful *Providence* step'd in between,
Acted her part, and chang'd the frightful Scene:
None then (by the *United Crowns*) was thought
So fit as *Talmach*, for a brave Exploit,

To strike at *France*, and dare those threatening Frowns,
Eclips'd the Glories of her Neighbouring Thrones.

In order to Effect the great Design,
Dangerous t'attempt, ignoble to decline,
He hoists up Sail, to the *French* Coast he Steers;
Urg'd by no Vanity, nor held by Fears;
Mov'd by unbiass'd thoughts, he coolly weighs
The little prospect of a great Success,
Resolving (what Repulse so e're was given)
To bravely Act, with confidence in Heaven.

Big with encreasing Hope he should prevail,
He Ploughs the Ocean with a prosp'rous Gale,
And nimble to the wish'd for shore he run,
Where Life was to be lost, or Conquest won;
His soul enliven'd with a generous thought,
That lasting Glories must be nobly bought,
Made him resolve, when the great Work began,
To Act like something greater than a Man.

Now the whole *Fleet*, with swelling Sails, were brought
Near to that Shore, for which the *Hero* sought,
His loud mouth'd *Agents* roar'd out his Command,
And gave the Signal to prepare for Land;
Whilst ev'ry Soldier fearless of the Grave,
Took up a Resolution to be Brave:
The *Active* Gen'ral, leaping on the Strand,
First took possession of the promis'd Land,
Where the sly Foe rush'd from an *Ambuscade*,
From hidden Batt'rys roaring Engines play'd,
Defeating all the projects he had lay'd:
The restless Sea in Mountains did arise,
As if affrighted at the dreadful noise;

*A Storm
arose.*

Ill boding Clouds in Monstrous shapes appear'd,
And hollow Winds, by trembling Sailors heard;
Nature, unhing'd in all things, look'd awry,
To show the Fate of some great Man was nigh:
Surprise and Terrour now their hopes o'er-cast,
Death threatening ev'ry Landed Soldiers last;
Whilst the brave *Talmach* still undaunted stood,
Fearing the loss of *Honour*, more than *Blood*;
Till *Providence*, by some neglect, gave way
For *Envy* her Mischievous Pranks to play,
Pressing through Dangers, which he scorn'd to fear,
Met a *Destructive Messenger* of War,
Which nobly he receiv'd, unmov'd in thought,
Smil'd at the dreadful Message which he brought;
And bleeding Fought, till Nature Strength deny'd,
To show that Courage; he was forc'd to hide,
But still alive was born away with Joy,
As old *Anchises* through the Flames of *Troy*,

Down to his Bark, where full of pains he lay,
Tumbling on Surges of an angry Sea;
Where gaping Waves, impatient of their Prey,
Seem'd eager to intomb so Rich a Clay.

Thus through a tossing Tempest was he brought
Back from the fatal Sands, whereon he Fought,
To *Plimonth*, where his Soul from Cares withdrew,
Shook off her Robes of Earth, and bid adieu;
Leaving behind a Memory so great,
Will bury *Monuments*, and out-live *Fate*.

Wisdom, in all his *Actions*, was his Guide,
Patience his Care, and *Worthiness* his Pride:
No Enterprize, in War, by him begun,
Was through neglect e're lost, or *Rashness* won:
No Prince, but his, had such a Friend to trust,
So Truly *Valiant*, *Merciful*, and *Just*,
In Conduct *Wise*, in Conversation *Grave*,
Generous in Conquest, and in Battle *Brave*;
In his Command *Good*, *Affable*, and *Kind*,
Moral in *Acts*, and of a *Noble Mind*,
Loyal to's Prince, and to his Countrey *Just*,
True to his Friend, and *Faithful* to his Trust:
Whose Memorable *Deeds* shall Deathless be,
Rise with his Dust, and face *Eternity*.

FINIS.
